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T. W. B. HINCH

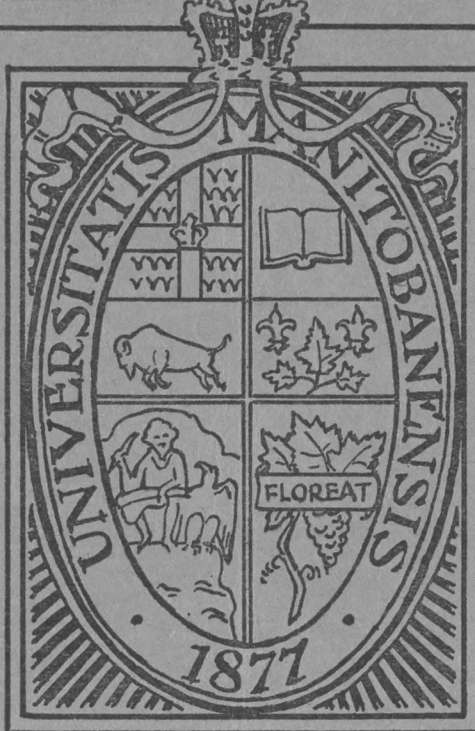
Hinch, Thos. W. (V)

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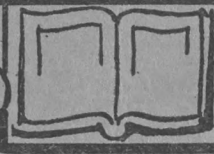
# THE MANITOBAN

LITERATURE · ART · SCIENCE · STUDENT ACTIVITIES



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
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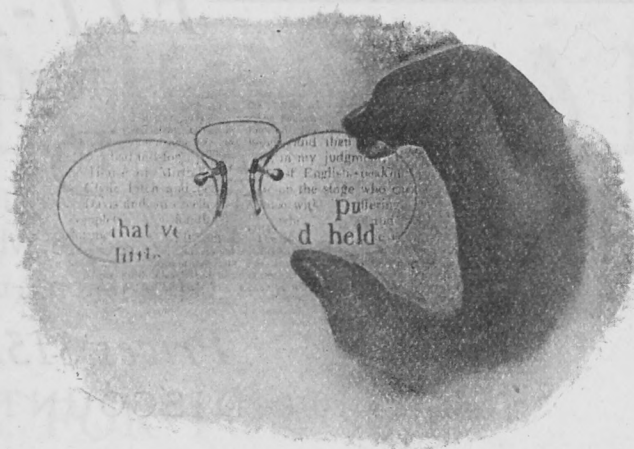
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# THE MANITOBAN

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No. 7

## THE OUTLOOK FOR POETRY

*Selections from a Lecture delivered at the University of Manitoba by Dean Vernon P. Squires, of the University of North Dakota.*

The three most important themes which have inspired poetry in all ages are: First, our relations to Nature; second, our relations to our fellow-men; third, our relations to a Supreme Being. Let us briefly review the state of popular thought in recent years in regard to each of these great themes.

Nature, it is true, has been explored in modern times as never before. We have searched into her mysteries and studied her fundamental laws. But why? Has it not been primarily that we might harness her and make her do our bidding? We have, in fact, wished to treat her as our slave; not to sit in reverence at her feet, that we might understand and heed the whisper of her still, small voice. We have as a race drifted far from the state of mind of the old Scotch peasant who went with joy each morning to the hilltop to take off his bonnet to the beauty of the world, as we have from that of the philosopher Kant who declared that he always stood humbled and silent under the majestic canopy of the starry heavens on a cloudless night. The old poetical spirit is well expressed in the familiar nursery rhyme:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are;  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky."

The recent spirit is voiced in these lines:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
I know exactly what you are;  
For by the spectroscopic ken  
I see that you are hydrogen."

Again, consider what we have thought of one another. It is generally agreed that the last few decades constitute an abnormal and restless period of transition during which an industrial civilization has succeeded a merely political order. Between stratum and stratum of our social system have sprung up feuds of almost unexampled bitterness. Capital has been domineering and defiant; labor has been sullen, reckless, and vindictive. This absorbing class-consciousness has almost crushed out the old unifying bonds that knit men together in a common, noble idealism. There have been, to be sure, flashes of idealism in this struggle, born of hate rather than of love. Among the proletariat it has indeed led to a new demand for education, a demand which is finding its answer

in our great new systems of state-supported schools; and yet, too often, even this seemingly hopeful demand for education has taken the form of insistence on the merely practical—a form grossly materialistic, altogether unspiritual and uninspiring. Man, created in the image of God, we have tried to make over into the image of an effective machine. A striking example of this is seen in the great German nation, which formerly led the world in idealism, and which attracted the brightest minds in every land to its famous universities, but which has now reached a point where it prides itself chiefly on its "efficiency," stakes everything for material growth, and sells its soul of honor for a mess of pottage. What fabric of poetry, I ask, can be woven from such unlovely strands?

Finally, what common beliefs have we had in regard to things divine? Between the so-called "higher critics" and the frankly uncritical, between the self-styled "liberals" and the rigidly orthodox, have we not ourselves seen symptoms of antagonism which, had not the civil power intervened, might have led to the pillory and the stake as inevitably as such feelings did in centuries past? Such a schism surely is disadvantageous—for the time being at least—both to religion and to poetry. The old denominational loyalty, moreover, has almost ceased to exist. The denominations are all split up in cross-sections, so that a given Methodist or a given Presbyterian is just as likely to find a truly kindred spirit in some other communion as in his own. Men have thus lost the unifying force of a great, common soul-impelling enthusiasm and each has been more and more inclined to withdraw into himself. The church has undeniably languished; clergymen have vainly sighed for the good old days of unquestioning faith; and the irreverent have declared that religion is moribund. That the true religious life of the world is seriously threatened I do not believe; but I can easily see why recent years have not been years of power, and also why no great religious poetry has been produced.

There are thus discernible reasons for the paucity of great poems in our day. We now come to the second question: What of the future? Is there any prospect of better things to come? Let us once more survey the same three fields to catch, if possible, the signs of the times.

First, then, what of the world of Nature? Surely

her beauty and power of suggestion have not passed forever!

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

Well may Nature cry, all unafraid:

"They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!  
I remain."

Some critics have been inclined to talk of a necessary conflict between poetry and science. They have said that Science is a disillusioning force, that it tends to destroy all the beautiful old dreams of the poets, substituting for them dry, prosaic fact.

Keats had this idea, and cried out in *Lamia*:

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;  
We know her woof, her texture; she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things."

But though this fact is correct, the conclusion is erroneous. While it is true that modern Science has effectually disposed of a good many vain dreams and idle theories, it is also true that she has substituted for them a multitude of new truths far more wonderful and significant than those displaced. The Psalmist cried out in admiration of moon and sun and star. How much greater would have been his reverence and delight if he had really known what we have learned today! And the world of the infinitesimal we are finding even more marvellous than the world of the infinite.

I believe that I see many evidences that there is coming a revival of the poetical feeling toward nature. Scientists are growing more reverent; knowledge of the facts is becoming wider spread; there is a new movement toward country life; vacation days in the open are yearly more popular. Here and there a poet has caught the new spirit and given us a peep into a new world of grandeur and inspiration. Hence I, for one, would cry out with Miss Edith M. Thomas:

"Oh, believe not those who say  
Song hath had its perfect day."

"Yea, to every race and tongue  
There are lyrics yet unsung  
Unto harps as yet not strung!"

The Next field for the poet is the fascinating and infinitely varied field of human nature. Is there any sign of exhaustion there? Is it not rather true that on this theme, also, our ideas are widening with the progress of the suns? Let me suggest an illustration. Something less than a century and a quarter ago Burns thrilled the liberal souls of the world by declaring:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

But did Burns himself realize the significance of his words as we are beginning to understand them today? Did Burns mean to include the black man? the red man? the yellow man? Did Burns or anybody else in those days dream of the noble outreaching of brotherhood which is to be one of the great characteristics of the twentieth century? The truth is that there is today and growing

stronger hour by hour a reverence for man as man, a belief in the innate dignity of the human soul, a sympathy with the weak and unfortunate, a sense of social responsibility, a realization of the essential unity of humanity, the like of which the world has never seen before.

A third field of thought is the field of religion. The idea of man's relation to the mighty power outside himself has played through the human mind for unknown centuries. It is the parent of philosophy and theology; it has been the inspiration of the noblest and sublimest poetry. Yet how inadequate and distorted have been the usual conceptions of God and Good! Even Milton, loftiest of poets, was handicapped by a crude, one-sided idea of Divinity and was forced to make Jehovah argue like a Calvinistic lecturer. Many ideas held today by the sanest of thinkers are undoubtedly childish and inadequate. So is every attempt of the finite to grasp the infinite. But any student of the times can see that this is an age of religious transition, and there is every reason to believe that it is one of enlightenment.

First and foremost, there is a change in the conception of God. Both within and without the Christian church there are multitudes who have laid aside the old Jewish idea of the unrelenting Judge, the stern Creditor, as they have also the eighteenth century deistical idea of the absentee God sitting off somewhere on the rim of the universe watching it go round, in order to think of an ever-present spiritual force imminent in creation, with whom our spirits, lodged temporarily in these muddy vestures of decay, have kinship and communion.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit  
with Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than  
hands and feet."

There is also a change of view as to what is meant by the religious life. Salvation is seen to mean not simply immunity from everlasting torment and a glorious state of ease in some blissful other-world, but a life that begins in this world by making the utmost of ourselves, by developing our spiritual natures, by fixing our affections on things that bless and abide. It is also seen, since no man liveth or dieth unto himself alone, that individual welfare is dependent in large degree upon the welfare of the social whole—the mighty organism of which each individual is, as it were, a single cell. Thus we are realizing as never before the significance of Christ's two great commandments to love God with all the strength of mind and heart, and our neighbors as ourselves. Finally, men believe in immortality no less than in days gone by. In fact, modern science has made it more reasonable to faith than formerly. But we do not now expect to secure it by some occult charm or legal fiction. Life is seen to be a continuous process whether the spirit is housed in this tenement of earthly flesh or in some other. Immortality is the continuing of what is worth continuance and no doubt the further disciplining of the soul that has not put to profit the lessons of this life.

Such conceptions as these are tremendously stimulating. If mediaeval Christianity could produce a *Divine Comedy*, if Puritanism with all its limitations could give us a *Paradise Lost* and a *Paradise Regained*, in what splendid measures shall



not the religious ideals of the new day utter themselves!

One other thought and I am done. We are all aware—alas! too well aware—that the world is just now in the throes of a war no doubt the most terrible ever waged by man. To you who have seen your friends and kinsmen march off to the front, the dreadful reality of the struggle needs no emphasizing by me. If, however, it does not seem too cold and unfeeling a query, we might perhaps ask ourselves what is to be the significance of all this in the way of energizing literature. Will you think me too bold if I venture a prophecy?

In the first place, we all agree, I think, that from an immediate practical point of view there can be but one result. Prussian militarism will be hoist with its own petard. The inviolable claims of a scrap of paper will be forever vindicated. National and personal honor will be seen, as perhaps never before in human history, to have value and power far beyond material advantage, beyond treasure, beyond ease, beyond life itself. The ugliness and sordidness of mere selfish ambition, the meanness of human jealousy, and hatred, the awfulness of war, will be more evident than ever before.

Shall we not believe that the nations of the world will see, with a clearness undreamed of even a little year ago, the necessity for co-operation and peace, so that out of all this shall come a great new league of nations organized for human well-being and uplift, with a common army and navy to be used only as a great international police force! Shall we not trust that the sacredness of solemn pacts shall be so completely demonstrated that the nations may be glad to link themselves together by treaties that are really meant to *stand* and that shall stand!

If something of this sort shall come to pass—and who can be so faithless as to doubt it?—with what splendid new emotions will the world's great heart be stirred! Surely there will be need for someone to stand forth through whom, as through an Aeolian harp, the vibrant music of rejoicing millions may express itself.

This, then, good friends, is my hope for the future. I believe with unquenchable faith in the inevitableness of a bigger, better life in the immediate future, and because of this I avow once more my faith in Matthew Arnold's dictum: "The future of poetry is immense."

## THE CROSS AND THE WAR

Joseph W. Graves, the author who composed this poem, expects soon to leave for the front to fight for his King and Country. Until this year Mr. Graves was a well-known student in Wesley College. He is now a theological student at McGill.

The hand that was nailed is mailed to-day,  
The Christ hath unsheathed the sword,  
And men to a Holy War go forth,  
Led on by their fighting Lord.  
"Not peace but a sword I come to bring,"  
So ploughshares are turned to swords,  
And the Allies' Flags o'er the battle-line  
Are the Master's Scourge of Cords.

Two thousand years since the Christ King died,  
And left as His sign, the Cross,  
That men might find on the Christ-trod road,  
True life, through death and loss.  
They mockingly cried as He hung on the tree,  
"Himself He cannot save,"  
They uttered the truth, for the way of the Christ,  
Is ever the Cross and grave.

Once more vile hands have upreared the Cross,  
And Belgium is crucified,  
Is dying the death of grief and pain,  
While anti-Christ's deride.  
The stricken Belgium is very Christ,  
By a caitiff's kiss betrayed;  
But Belgium will have an Easter Morn,  
And a glory that ne'er shall fade.

And all who are bearing Belgium's Cross  
British and Serb and French,  
Russian and Jap; on battle line,  
In hospital base and trench,  
In training camp and ambulance corps,  
On warship and submarine,  
These are treading to-day the Calvary road,  
The road that the Christ has been.

Nor are these all: but the multitude  
Of women who whispered, "Go."  
Though the heart was torn and the hearth forlorn,  
And the brave voice faltered so;

And the little child who sobs for "Dad"  
And the aged one who mourns—  
These know the gloom of Gethsemane,  
And the weight of the Crown of Thorns.

Yes, the Prussian Pilate has said the word,  
"Take Him and crucify,"  
And Christ is wearing a khaki coat,  
As again He goes to die.  
He stands once more in Pretorium Hall,  
His sufferings, who can tell?  
He faces a cursing, spitting mob,  
And the spit is the spleen of hell.

With deadened heart and blinded eye,  
To the writing on the wall,  
The Hun is taking his toll of blood,  
And fierce does his vengeance fall;  
And the weakest ones must share the blow  
From a brutal Teuton Force,  
While the world's elect are sacrificed,  
On a Hohenzollern Cross.

But after the Night, the Dawn will come,  
And the joy of the Empty Grave,  
And a Risen world will immortalize,  
Her heroes, true and brave.  
Then a New New World will accept the Creed  
That TRUTH is a nation's Might,  
And a New New World will scorn the lie,  
That Force is the only Right.

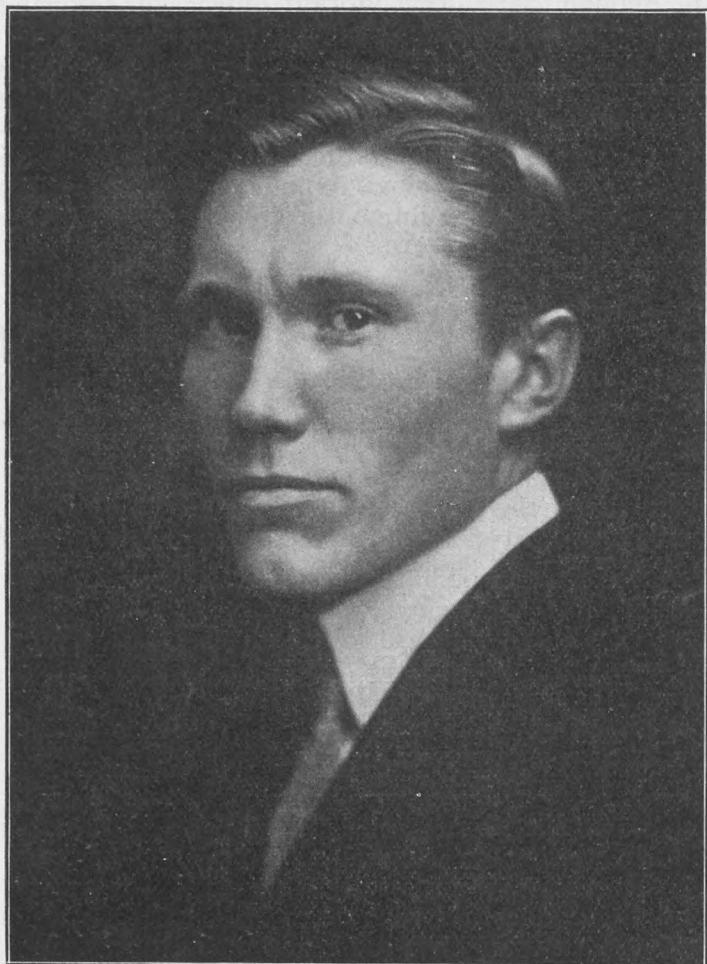
Not Superman, but Brother-man,  
In the world that is soon to be,  
And men will speak of the Greatest War,  
As "The War that Made Men Free."  
For the thunder-roll of drums to-day,  
And the holocaust of War,  
Means the world-wide sway of the Cross of Christ,  
And ITS triumph, evermore.

Written after hearing an address by Professor John Macnaughton, of McGill University, on "The Cross of Christ."

### THORBERGUR THORWALDSEN

There was published this month, in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, an article which is likely to have an important bearing on chemical research. This article is of interest to readers of *The Manitoban* because one of the joint authors, T. Thorwaldsen is a graduate of the University of Manitoba.

Thorbergur Thorwaldsen was born in Iceland, and came to Canada with his parents when he was a child. After a brilliant career in the University of Manitoba he was graduated in 1906. At the end of an equally brilliant career in Harvard University he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1911, and was awarded a Sheldon Travelling Fellowship. During the next two years he studied abroad in England and



THORBERGUR THORWALDSEN

Germany. In 1914 he returned to Harvard, and in co-operation with Professor T. W. Richards carried on research work in Thermochemistry. A preliminary report on this work is contained in the paper mentioned above.

The work was begun under particularly good auspices. Dr. Thorwaldsen was familiar with at least four languages, and thus held the key to the great wealth of scientific periodical literature. He was working in the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory at Harvard, a new building devoted entirely to research in Physical Chemistry. It was completed in 1913 and was considered by experts to be the finest of its kind in the world. The heavy expenses of the research were for the greater part defrayed by a grant from the Carnegie Institute at Washington. Finally Dr.

Thorwaldsen was working in close co-operation with one of America's greatest chemists, Prof. T. W. Richards. Is it any wonder then that valuable work was done and striking results obtained?

To appreciate the value of this work it must be explained that for many years chemists in all parts of the world have met with most unaccountable results in their measurements of quantities of heat. Thus, scientists in Germany could not get the same results as scientists in France or Russia. Often men found it impossible to repeat their own experiments with the same result, and much confusion and criticism has resulted in the chemical world. Now, all these experiments, wherever carried out, depended on readings of temperature by thermometers, mostly mercury thermometers. Accurate thermometers for such purposes are standardized in France, Germany and lately in the United States in national bureaus supported by the governments, and are sold at very high prices. Chemists have placed implicit faith in their instruments. To question their accuracy was a sort of heresy.

Thorwaldsen carried out a series of difficult heat measurements which undoubtedly surpassed in accuracy any that had ever been made before, and found that there were strange inconsistencies in the results which could be explained only on the assumption that the standard French and German thermometers were incorrect. He went further and devised an entirely new method of standardizing a thermometer, and when the scale of corrections obtained in this way was applied to his heat measurements, the inconsistencies disappeared.

The method was immediately tested in other fields and was found to clear up many otherwise inexplicable facts. Indeed, the work seems to be only in its infancy and bids fair to effect a revolution in modern Thermochemistry.

It is pleasing to state that Dr. Thorwaldsen's merit has been appreciated in his own country, Canada. Last year he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the University of Saskatchewan. Although this university is only seven years old it has developed with amazing rapidity. Undoubtedly Prof. Thorwaldsen will have ample opportunity to carry on independent scientific research in the fields in which he has already proved himself a master.

H. S. DAVIS

### THE LEGAL ASPECTS OF SOME BIBLE STORIES

R. P. Hills, M.A., LL.D., Camb., B.C.L., Durh.

I am old fashioned enough to regard the Bible as Literature of the highest type; incidently I also regard it as being much more than this, but for the purpose of this present paper, I would specially emphasize this picture of it, that it merits the foremost rank in the world of Letters. It is also the Mirror of its age, and in it every man may find that which appeals to his own special metier. Naturally then to one who is a Student of Law, those scattered references therein which refer to matters of custom and usage.



having the face of law possess more than a passing interest.

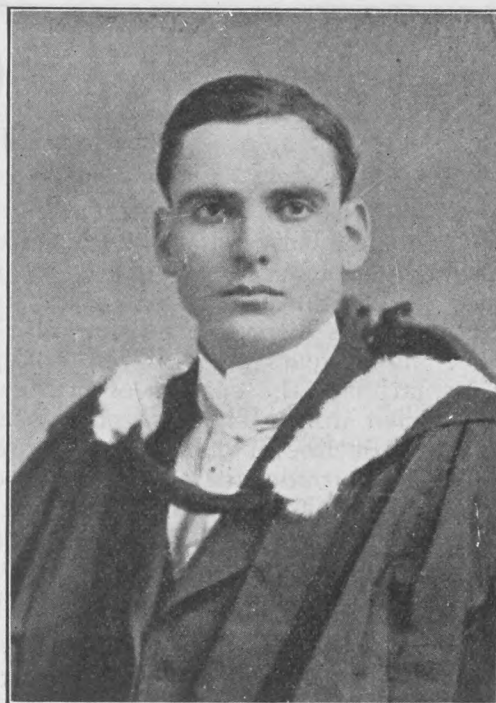
My purpose is, in this brief compass, to draw attention to some few of these; many other similar remaining to be discovered by the careful student.

Examine the insight into the patriarchal life and customs afforded to us by the brief record in Genesis xxxi, v. 44-52 of The Treaty Between Laban and Jacob. The world was young then, private law was unknown. Domestic relations were uncodified and custom ruled. The head of the early family united in himself the legislature and executive authority, and his relation to another family was that of a rival sovereign state. Such were the respective relations of Laban and Jacob; and such as they met to arrange their difficulty. There was no Common Law to which both could appeal, as to a Common Head, for under the canopy of Heaven, they recognised no superior to themselves. Contract was impossible for contract premises some Over-court to whose enforcement the aggrieved party might revert; and they met as Sovereign States, and like them arranged their difficulty by treaty. Then they pile high a tall pillar of stones, as a "heap" or pile of witnesses, a solemn ratification or seal of their Factum, a covenant of peace, which had the face not only of present adjustment of their agreement, but as a binding testimony of a league of mutual offence and defence. To this they invoke as witness, The Supreme, in a great act of sacrifice which should proclaim as thrice perjured either party, who might break so firm a treaty. No wonder then that succeeding prophets should have expressed horror, when it was said of any treaty breaker, "Ye have broken the treaty of your fathers."

As an illustration of the much later times, when patriarchal rule had given place to Tribal Control and Custom had crystalized into a crude and primitive form of Law; take the picture presented in Ruth iv. which describes the law of inheritance of land in intestacy, and the method of redemption of an estate of inheritance. The story tells of the death of Elimelech, who left a widow and two sons and was possessed of an estate of inheritance; the Canon of Descent prescribed that such be taken by the sons as heirs, not as joint tenants, but in the proportion of two parts to one, with right of surroundings. The sons also died, and now the law required that the inheritance should devolve on the heir, the next kinsmen in the male line, to Elimelech, "the purchaser." The right also carried the inchoate right of marriage by the heir of the surviving widow, who in this case was Ruth. In case the right heir did not claim the privileges and burdens of the estate, he would execute a Deed of Relinquishment, by virtue of which his rights would pass over to the kinsmen next in line. Such was Boaz, and the story graphically brings before us the solemnities consequent upon executing such a Deed. It was in the chamber over the City Gateway where the courts of ancient times assembled, and thither came the parties, the Transferor and the Transferee. A Jewish quorum consisted of ten persons, and these were present as the necessary witnesses, and in their presence the Act of Resignation was made by the one party and of the Acceptance by the other, followed by words of limitation, which described the exact quantities of the estate conveyed. "Ye are witnesses that I have bought

all that was Elimelech's and all that was Chilion's and all that was Mahlon's"—and then as a symbolic act the one handed his sandal to the other. "This was the manner concerning changing, for to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony in Israel." Just as in the later days feoffment by livery of seisin was accompanied by one party handing a turf, a twig, a harp or key as title to the other party as a corporeal transfer of a part in the name of the whole; so to draw off the shoe was a symbol of possession of title, a type of placing under the foot that inheritance which was thus incorporeally transferred. It may well be that our ancient English method of Grant of freehold estate by feoffment had its source in these primitive customs of the Orient.

#### WHO'S WHO AT THE UNIVERSITY



GEORGE FERGUSON, B.A., President, Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A.

"Dramatics," and the "Journal," appeal to special talents; sports develop the physique; but the Y.M.C.A. worker aims to know the ideals of the man, to stand by him in his troubles, companion him in the development of his philosophy of life, and aid him in choosing a life work.

To fulfil this function effectively one must have been "through the mill." In this very respect George Ferguson is particularly fitted. He graduated from Wesley in '10, holding the position of senior Stick in his final year. In that year, too, he attended, as a delegate, the International Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, N.Y. After graduation he took the course in Theology, and spent a year on a mission field in Southern Alberta. Now he is taking the work at Medical College.

To the casual acquaintance, "Fergie," as he was known at Wesley, is a quiet, unassuming fellow, with a very healthy grip. One who breaks through his slight barrier of reserve finds him very intense, with a broad view of life, a wide experience in student affairs, and a ready sympathy. In this year of reorganization and crisis the presidency of the Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A. was very properly entrusted to George Ferguson.

# THE MANITOBA

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## EDITORIAL



Debates—*Intercollegiate* "In the early, prehistoric days of the University of Manitoba the various colleges used to meet in debate—at least so says tradition; but no record was kept. Tradition also informs us that for many years no contests took place on the public platform, the springs of oratory having apparently dried up." The foregoing is a résumé of the rise and decline of debating in those remote ages long since shrouded in the mists of oblivion; and coming onward to 1901 we read, on the same old, discolored parchment, of a Renaissance, when representatives from the colleges met and arranged a single series of debates between St. John's, Manitoba and Wesley Colleges. For a number of years the intercollegiate debating was carried on in a loose, unbusinesslike fashion. On Nov. 7, 1906, a committee met in Room 25, Manitoba College, with full authority to draw up a constitution. This states in a preamble that, "whereas it is necessary for the better management of Intercollegiate and International Debates to have a definite organization, we hereby adopt the following rules and regulations." In 1907 St. Boniface entered the Union, but withdrew in 1908 owing to paucity of English-speaking students at the college. Agriculture made her debut in the debating arena in 1909, and in 1910 we find the Law students admitted as *bona fide* members. Few changes have taken place since that date, and the Debating Cup, donated by the late Mr. Dingwall in 1906, has visited all the societies at present represented. The final debate this year comes on March 5, between 'Varsity and Agriculture, the winners in their respective series.

and But perhaps the most enterprising adventure in the annals of *International* Manitoba debate is the annual International contest. The old parchment reads, "The first debate between the University of Manitoba and the University of North Dakota, was held in Association Hall, Winnipeg, in March, 1902." Although no subsequent record is found, until the year 1907, when the Univer-

sity suffered a defeat at Grand Forks, it is presumed that the debates were carried on annually, as they have been since that time (with the exception of 1908, when arrangements were left till too late in the season), debates taking place alternately at Winnipeg and Grand Forks. In 1903 a three-cornered series was inaugurated, when Fargo was admitted, but this scheme proved unsatisfactory and barely survived the ensuing winter.

This year the three-man team from North Dakota comes to Winnipeg on Feb. 26 to defend the Munroe Doctrine as a policy of the United States, against the best of our Western Canadian debaters; while next year our team will be the visitors. Thus there will not be another International debate in Winnipeg till 1917.

In perusing the old and dusty records we note that the decisions have been now for, now against, us; and that, in the pioneer days, our University turned out over 1,000 strong to cheer on those entrusted with the honor of Manitoba. Let every student keep the date, Feb. 26, open, and watch the bulletin boards for notice as to place of meeting.



Ventilation The results of a social survey carried on in a foreign district in the North End of our city by the men at the Settlement House, show that in eleven houses visited there were found 142 roomers. Not a little is being done by means of education and regulative legislation to solve this increasingly complex and alarming problem of our cosmopolitan civilization. But there are those besides the foreigner who, though perhaps ignorant of prevailing conditions, at least fail in their obedience to the most important law of Hygiene—the principle of ventilation. If the Municipal Health Officer would examine the air at the close of a lecture in any of the classrooms or lecture theatres in the Main Building, or in that masterpiece of modern design, the terrace, and would tell the Board of Management what he thought of it; and then if the Board of Management would confer with the Department of Architecture, the Finance Committee, and the Provincial Government on the matter, perhaps an improvement in ventilation might be made.



### SERENADER UNWELCOME—JULIET PROTESTS

The following communication has been received by the "Manitoban":—

The Ladies of the Residence would ask to have the crude cartoon appearing in the Manitoban of Jan. 28th, labelled "Sleep, Baby Sleep," explained, since the brightest wits among them fail to see its significance. The idea prevails among the ladies that the cartoon was needed to fill space and, lacking a name, the editor dared to attach our name to such an unspeakable atrocity. Though not lacking in a sense of humor, we fail to see the point in this clumsy and inappropriate caricature, and protest against any further reference to the Ladies' Residence in the editor's space fillers.

Girls of the Residence.

Note.—By way of explanation, the Editor wishes to state that he understood the said picture to represent a serenader giving utterance to melodious strains beneath the windows of the Ladies' Residence. The Staff cannot vouchsafe for the accuracy of the report, as the nights were dark, but considered the occurrence not improbable, in view of



the fairy enchantresses inhabiting said domicile, and the number of ardent young Romeo's registered in our University. Some have enquired whom the caricature represented, and, to prevent misunderstanding, the Editor assures all concerned that nothing personal was intended, and expresses his sincere regret that anything published in these columns should give offence.

May we suggest that some good friend advise the alleged young troubadour that his efforts were not appreciated; and suggest also that the ladies of the Residence furnish the Editor with some drawings suitable to be used as "space fillers" in subsequent issues of the Manitoban. Up-to-date only one sketch has been submitted by the fairer and more artistic members of our Student Body. Perhaps it might be well for artists to confine themselves to landscape etching—more technically known as *still life*.

### LETTER FROM THE TENTED PLAIN

SALISBURY PLAINS

Dear Burton:

I surely have enjoyed the first two issues of *The Manitoban* and hope they continue to arrive. We all enjoy the college news, and of course when one of



P. G. DuVAL, of The First Contingent  
Who Writes from England

our outfit gets anything like that it is very carefully passed around to all those interested in college affairs.

In your last letter you asked me to give you some of my impressions, and secondly, to give you some of the expressions that I had gathered since joining the ranks of those who are of more use here than at home. Now, really, Burt., I am delighted to do all I can to complete the first task, but in regard to the "expressions" I don't think they are fit for any ladylike kind of gentleman.

I believe one of the other boys wrote you explaining our daily routine, and I heard that he gave you a rather graphic description of our camp life, so I guess it is up to me to tell you about some of the "irregular" things.

To start at the start—when we left the "Peg," having heard such epithets as "flower of Winnipeg" and others that escaped from the lips of many generous-hearted people who were much more enthusiastic than honest, we were quite easily fooled into believing that all "them kind words" were true. After four months' training, however, we are fully persuaded that it was "the last rose of summer" that they referred to. On our way down to Valcartier we sailed on sublimely; and at every place the train stopped one might see hundreds of these "flowers" frantically rushing to the car windows in order that they might display the beautiful red tunics with polished brass buttons that had been so recently acquired.

The first night we spent on the train none of us had learned the necessary art of sleeping on the soft side of hardwood boards, so we had very little rest, and prayed for a delicious breakfast to make up for a night of misery. The total product of all our supplications was a plate of dry porridge, coffee and bread. At noon we were very angry because the vegetables were not hot and the rice pudding didn't have many raisins in it. All these objections were confined to the inmost depths of our own hearts, however, because the brass buttons and other warlike apparel seemed to instil a kind of mock heroism into our blood which prevented our tongues from making audible any thoughts of that nature. The nearest approach to grumbling that I heard was: "Wait till we get to Valcartier, and we will have regular kitchens and we will eat at tables in mess tents." Of course none of us has seen tables yet except on the boat. When we got to Valcartier the authorities overcame the difficulty of having few raisins in the pudding by withdrawing all puddings from the bill of fare and substituting jam. For those who have never seen army jam, I would like to say that the opening of one of those tins causes as much amusement as most Christmas stockings, because we invariably find something either interesting or useful. From one can I *extracted* a rather strong piece of string that I have since used as a pull-through for my rifle.

During our stay in Valcartier we all thought we were very badly treated, and having lost most of the mock heroism (that didn't cling to any of us for more than a week) we had no compunction about voicing our sentiments in terms that should be specially reserved for soldiers and other prisoners.

Sometimes it rained for a whole day at a time and we had to remain cooped up in our tents and all very "peevish" that we had no place to go. Other days we had to march along dusty roads for two or three miles, and sometimes we were actually caught in the rain and got quite moist. Then there was "kicking" because there was only cold water in the shower baths. Taking it all together we were of the opinion that Sam. Hughes, the Canadian government, the Opposition and all the clerks in the federal parliament buildings were very careless and were not looking after us at all. The most popular expression was: "Wait till we get to England!" I might add, however, as a kind of poetic justice, that after being on this famous Salisbury Plain for two months we are fully persuaded that Val-

cartier was one of the few delightful places we have been since leaving home. That camp is certainly the essence of luxury, comparatively speaking.

Since we arrived here we have overcome a great many of our Valcartier troubles. We never have dusty roads, and indeed I have not seen any dust since I arrived in England. In Valcartier, when it rained, we objected to staying all day in our tents—here we never have to stay in; we go out in it.

Recently we have been very much like regular soldiers. The most outstanding characteristic is our desire to skip parades. The usual way is to get sick, and of course with so much wet weather, most of us are able to contract a cold bad enough to be excused for at least one parade. Yesterday morning one of the boys in our tent came rushing in from the doctor's, where he had been undergoing a very minute examination to try to find some ailment that was worthy of at least a day's rest. He found that his temperature was 96. With all the breathless excitement of a man who thinks his mother-in-law is going away, he exclaimed: "How sick is 96?" Of course we took advantage of his innocence and informed him that he must be in pretty bad shape. Giving vent to a sigh that sounded more like a kid with a new toy than a sick man, he crawled into his blankets and waited somewhat impatiently for the doctor's order to go on "sick parade" for a week. Unfortunately, the order did not come, and when the "fall in" blew, the unhappy trickster had to take his place with the rest of us.

We spend most of our time in making imaginary attacks upon poor, unassuming hills and in sham battles. Some time ago, the right half of our battalion challenged the left half to mortal combat, provided no bullets were used and no bayonets were stuck in deeper than half an inch. Our side was given the defensive and we were told to hold the ground at all cost. Half an hour after taking position we could see the enemy approaching about half a mile off. They were moving in short rushes and taking whatever cover they could. There was very little cover, and the poor enemy had to advance under terrific rifle fire. Just for fun I aimed at the same man each time and am sure I hit him at least ten times, but with true British courage he persisted in coming within 50 yards. Then we fixed bayonets and charged. It was a noble charge and really an exceptional one, because no one was injured. When opposing forces meet under such circumstances the usual thing is to distribute among the enemy some of those Iron Crosses that are sold in London at a penny apiece.

Talking about courage (or nerve) reminds me of one of my friends who was on guard about a week ago. He was deputed to guard the cook-tent, and with true soldierlike ability he was "cashing" a juicy steak that he had "speared" during the night vigil. At that moment the Brigadier was looking around and happened to see this suspicious creature leaning over a box. However, the private saw him, too, and immediately assuming the dignity and authority of a guard, ordered the Brigadier (who was treading on forbidden ground) to halt and march peaceably to the guard tent. The Brigadier soon realized the significance of

the situation, and when the officer in charge of the guard went through the formality of dismissing him he was too embarrassed to say anything about my friend's suspicious actions. We had the steak next day for dinner instead of camp "Mulligan." (That is the name we apply to our soup for want of a better epithet. On Sunday we change the name of this inviting dish to "Hungarian Goulash" because it at least sounds different.)

To write you of my impressions and not mention the wet canteens would be nothing short of evading the question of most importance. I think I can tell you why the General is in favor of dishing out the German beverage. Of course you have heard many arguments for and against, and rather than start an argument from such a distance I will attempt to keep absolutely to *facts*. The truth is, we have had nothing but rain, rain, rain, and after drilling and living and sleeping in the water (without any submarines) some of the men began to take on the appearance and other characteristics of fishes. Several men were reported to have had partially grown fins, and one man was accused of having scales on his hands. I do not know definitely, but I have been led to believe that the first report was only a rumor. In regard to the man with scales, I know that he put in a plea of "unavoidably guilty," but was let off on suspended sentence because there is only one tap to supply water for our whole battalion, and he had not been able to get near it for over three days. But be that as it may, the fast remains that the men generally acquired one or another of the characteristics of fish, and the most prevailing one was "thirst." Thus the General, with good soldierly foresight, ruled that the canteens be opened.

Since these famous canteens have been running the Canadians seem to have gained a reputation that is best described by an incident that happened in Salisbury a few nights ago. The sentry was marching up and down when a man was seen approaching in the darkness. The sentry cried out: "Who goes there?" The stranger halted and replied with rather feverish voice, "A Canadian."

"Well," said the sentry with pity in his voice, "stagger on, Canadian."

Even a long-drawn-out epistle would not be complete unless I mentioned the splendid reception that the Canadians have received since coming to England. You have read about the reception in Plymouth. To be honest, that was only the prelude to this delightful drama. Since then, most of us have been off on leave, and I venture to say that every one of us has found many new "homes." The people over here, with an unprecedented generosity, have opened their homes and "put on the big kettle, and the little one too." In smaller towns Canadians are entertained and made welcome by comparative strangers, and in the larger cities almost anyone will go blocks out of his way to point out places of interest. I could fill pages telling you of the kindness we have received; and I am sure that if more of our Canadian young men could really see how much they are needed and how much our efforts are appreciated here, the enlisting offices would be crowded all the time.



## WOBBLES

"What's blown in now?" mused Wobbles, the waiter, as a chap, with long hair and a far-away (Brandon) look in his eyes, came in, wrapped in thought and a cheap suit. "O. for the wings of a dove!" sighed the soulful one. "I'll see, sir," said Wobbles, sympathizingly, and away he went. "Beg pardon, sir," he remarked, on his return, "Doves is off, but here's a nice tasty portion of chicken." The long-haired one heard not. "Would I had the heart of a lion!" he said, passionately, and Wobbles left once more. "We ain't got no lion's heart, since the boss says this ain't no Lyons' Restaurant," he apologized, "but I've brought you a nice, juicy sheep's heart." Still the long-haired one heeded not. "Ho! Landlord," he cried, "Cheer me with a flagon of wine. All ends in a smoke." And like the obliging chap he was, Wobbles hurried off once more. But when he returned with his jug of claret and box of fifteen-cent cigars, he got a rude shock. "I want a glass of water and a toothpick," barked the long-haired one. "I'm not Rockefeller. I'm B. Slinger, the 'Varsity man, and I'm studying my part for the First Year play, you boob."

P. WALD, '18.

## SUCH CAUSE SUPPLEMENTALS

1. If one side of a triangle be produced, what is there to prevent the other two sides from also being brought forward?
2. Show the fallacy of defining an angle as a worm at one end and a fool at the other.
3. Find the greatest common measure of a quart bottle of Sarsaparilla.
4. Name the prima donnas who have appeared in the operas of Virgil and Horace since the "Virgili Opera" and "Horatii Opera" were composed.
5. Describe a perpendicular triangle having the square of the semi-circle equal to half the extremity between the points of section.
6. If a coach wheel 6 5-36 feet in diameter and 5 9-47 feet in circumference, makes 240 4-19 revolutions a second, how many men will it take to do the same piece of work in ten days?
7. Reduce two academical years to their lowest terms.
8. When it is stated that Ariadne, being deserted by Theseus, fell in love with Bacchus, is it the poetical way of asserting that she took to drinking, to drown her grief?

P. W.

## THE WARTY TOAD

A little sparrow by the glen,  
Despised by the best of men,  
May help us greatly now and then,  
As we shall see.

A sparrow wandered o'er the hill,  
O'er shingle, flat and shiny rill,  
To bide a wee, and eat his fill  
Of little bugs.

He chanced upon a warty toad  
Who, toiling o'er the dusty road,  
Did sweat beneath his heavy load,  
And cursed anon.

The sparrow's face did beam with love,  
Like dew beneath or stars above;  
He got behind the toad and shoved  
And moved the toad—to tears.

What like unto this little song,  
Where one doth help the other along,  
Can make us great and keep us strong,  
I do not know. P. G. H., '16.

## A TRAGEDY

Sing a song of six pens,  
A blot in dotting "i."  
Four and twenty common dots  
Couldn't beat this, try.  
When the student saw it,  
He closed his book up tight.  
Oh! Wasn't that some dirty mess,  
For a stern professor's sight?  
The Prof. was in his office  
Looking papers o'er,  
He came across the one above—  
It didn't get thirty-four.

## AFTER TIPPERARY—(Long After)

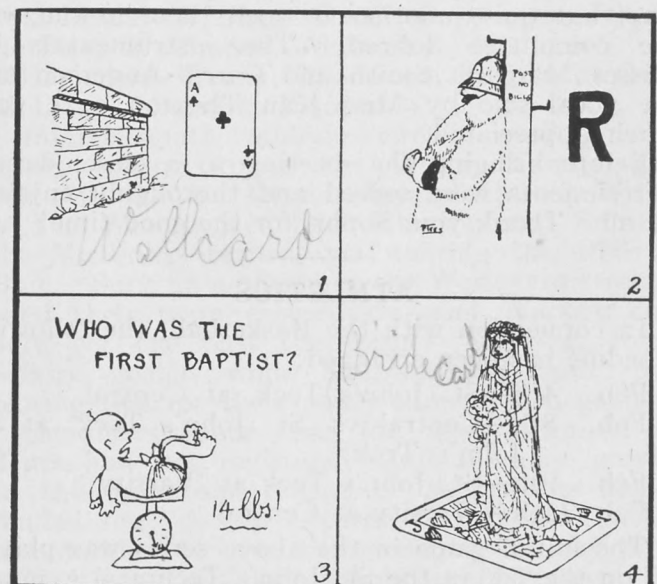
The Faculty were thinking deeply,  
What was best to do,  
To get the 'Varsity students,  
Out to a drill or two;  
The Profs. thought long and wisely,  
And then decided thus:  
They offered ten, *plus*, bonus,  
And soon there was a rush.

CA—, '17.

## THE MANITOBAN'S PUZZLE CORNER

Conducted by P. C. TEES, '14

This is the first set of a series of 20 disguis(t)ed professors' names.



The lady or gentleman turning in the neatest correct solution to "The Puzzle Editor" will be rewarded by the University with a nice ring. This will be presented at 10 a.m. on Thursday, April the 1st.

Anyone present at such a time will be allowed to hear this ring.



## THE COLLEGE GIRL

### 'VARSITY UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

On February 21st, in 'Toba Convocation Hall, the V.W.A. girls held their initial meeting for the year 1915, with the president, Miss Solveig Thomas presiding. After the regular business had been briskly discussed, and satisfactorily dealt with, the important part of the meeting was reached. This was an interesting and mirthful programme provided by the 'Sixteens.

Quite the *piece de resistance* of the afternoon was an impromptu debate upon the subject: "Resolved, that a new chair be appointed in 'Varsity for instruction in the latest dances, and that it be filled by Dr. Stewart." The judges, however, failed to come to any decision upon this important matter.

Misses Edythe Hendry and Alma McLelland ably provided the musical part of the programme. Another interesting item was Miss Ruston's sympathetic rendering of a selection from Miss Pauline Johnstone. Miss Ruston possesses fine histrionic ability.

At the close of this programme, the energetic Juniors proved their further abilities as hostesses in serving refreshments.

The Second Year girls entertained the members of the U.W.A., Thursday afternoon, Feb. 4th, in the 'Varsity girls' room, at the Y.W.C.A.

An interesting programme was arranged consisting of several musical numbers and a spelling match. The latter proved very amusing, as it is one thing to spell words correctly in the ordinary way, but quite another to spell them in the way the committee desired. The instrumentals by Misses Margaret Smith and Carrie Anderson and the vocal solo by Miss Jean Thexton were very much appreciated.

Before bringing the meeting to a close, dainty refreshments were served and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Thank you, Sophs, for the good time!

### ATHLETICS

In connection with the Basketball, the following schedule has been arranged:

- Feb. 4th—St. John's Teck, at Central.
- Feb. 8th—Central vs. St. John's Teck, at St. John's Teck.
- Feb. 9th—St. John's Teck at 'Varsity.
- Feb. 11th—'Varsity at Central.

The initial game in the above series was played off on the 1st, in the St. John's Technical gymnasium. In the first half the 'Varsity girls seemed a trifle off color, perhaps occasioned by the absence of two of her regulars. Some skilful playing in the second half, however, soon ran up the score, and the final result of the game proved 11-8 in favor of 'Varsity. Congratulations!

The second game in the series took place on Feb.

2nd, in the Y.W.C.A. gymnasium, between Central Collegiate and 'Varsity. Central having put up a very good fight, succeeded in winning with a score of 22-16. Perhaps some of the Central girls' good fortune was due to their strong supporters from the gallery. However, the 'Varsity girls' enthusiasm hasn't been abated by this defeat, and we have entire faith in them for the future.

After the last games the '17 girls served refreshments in the Ladies' Parlor, in their usual efficient manner.

### YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

On Saturday, Jan. 30th, the Y.W. officers and conveners, to the number of about thirty, met at Manitoba College, and with the temperature hovering around 25 degrees below, prepared to enjoy a snowshoe tramp. They took the car out to the city limits, and then tramped through Kildonan Park, and down the river for about three miles. The girls had a real jolly time and some good pictures were taken.

After the tramp they went to the home of Miss Isabel McBeth, where refreshments were served by the Misses McBeth, and very heartily appreciated by the hungry girls.

### "MANITOBA MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES."

What one of us, while reading Gene Stratton Porter's stories of Indiana, has not wished himself in the Limberlost, hunting for those wonderful moths which the clever novelist has taught us to love? Never for a moment do we imagine that here in Manitoba are to be found some of those very varieties, and which can be had at the cost of but little effort. Yet such is the case. Every evening, from April till late in October, these winged and beautiful insects roam, unmolested, through the air, their harmony and richness of color, which it would take a very diversified palette to produce, wrapped in the friendly dusk.

We have spoken of Manitoba moths, but it must be remembered that in the same class is the butterfly, which is better known to most people because it flies about during the day. As regards beauty of coloring it is not to be compared with the moth. Portions of its body are differently formed, too. For instance, the moth's antennae—those feelers which project from the front of the head—take the form of fine hair or are finely feathered, whereas those of the butterfly are clubbed at the points. Again, the latter's body is very simple and is always neat and tapering.

The way to get at these moths is to discover the neighborhood of their food plant. Each family has its own particular food. For example, the Luna, which is of a lovely pale green shade with black markings, feeds on the oak; the *Secropolia* on the maple; and the Mourning Cloak, which has brown wings, ringed with blue and edged with yellow, on the elm. Milkweed nourishes the Monarch. The Red Admiral, which belongs to the same family as the Mourning Cloak, and which is about the only one which hibernates, feeds on nettles. Another interesting family to be found here is that of the *Catocala*, of which the "Relicta" or "Widow" is perhaps the most remarkable. It has no color, but is absolutely black and white. Others of this family



have beautiful grey, white and black forewings, the underwings being of various shades of rich carmine, scarlet and orange with a broad velvet-looking band and edged with a fine margin of flake white. The Elephant Hawk moth, which is rather odd, feeds on the honey in flowers, which it obtains by means of a sort of beak shaped like an elephant's trunk.

The method of catching these lovely creatures is most interesting, especially as everything must be done after dark, and this fact lends a touch of mystery.

An equipment is, of course, necessary. It consists of:

1.—A pail containing the following mixture:

1 Tin Molasses.

4 Tablespoons Rum.

1 Teaspoon Essence of Pineapple.

2.—A wide-mouthed bottle containing chloroform or strong ammonia, although the latter is apt to discolor certain kinds of moths.

3.—A net made of fine mosquito-netting attached to a ring, made about fourteen inches in diameter, of cane or light, strong wire, fitted into a Y socket, which is mounted on a cane or lightest available wood handle.

The moths are captured by painting large spots on trees, with the molasses mixture. This is known as the sugaring process, and is best carried on about nine o'clock. The essence of pineapple attracts them at a very great distance, and they enjoy feeding on the syrup.

An hour or more is given for them to gather, and then with the aid of a lamp, the sugared trees are discovered by pieces of newspaper previously pinned on them. The mouth of the net is then placed against the tree over the insect, and it darts into the net in seeking to liberate itself. Then with a quick half-turn of the hand, one side of the net is brought to fall down, closing the opening. To transfer the specimen to the bottle containing the chloroform is the next step.

If you do not intend to set them for some time, it is best to add to your equipment an ordinary tin biscuit box which has been half-filled with very damp sand. The moths, when they have been taken from the bottle, are placed in triangular paper folders with sides turned over, and these are laid in the box on the damp sand. When you are ready to set them, place the box near the heat. The sand slightly steams them and they become soft and easier to work with.

The mounting is quite simple. The specimens are laid in a cardboard box an inch or two in depth, and are attached to the bottom of the box by means of long, very slender pins. The moth is placed so that its fore-wings are at right angles to the body.

Such is the simple method of catching and preserving moths. For those of us who are fortunate enough to spend the late spring and summer in the country, a more pleasant occupation during the long evenings could, perhaps, not be found. It is an instructive pastime, too, and leads to a deeper appreciation of nature. For where could more beauty of coloring be found than in:

"The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,  
The silken down with which his back is dight,  
His proud outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,  
His glorious colors and his glistening eye."

HILDRED ROSS, '17.



## HOCKEY

*St. John's 7, Engineers 2.*

*Wesley 5, 'Varsity 1 (to be replayed).*

*Medicals 3, Engineers 2 (to be finished).*

*St. John's 14, Wesley 0.*

### Junior Games—

*Meds. defeated 'Varsity.*

*Engineers defeated Pharmacy.*

*Agriculture defeated St. John's.*

*Schools defeated St. Boniface.*

*St. John's defeated Pharmacy.*

*Engineers defeated Wesley.*

The fortnight's hockey just passed has been unsatisfactory, to say the least, as only two of the four games are finally decided. The only game that had any bearing on the standing of the teams in the first division was that between St. John's and Engineers, from which the St. John's boys emerged triumphant over the *Sh! Sh!* team by a 7-2 score.

The closest game of the year resulted from the Medical-Engineer encounter. The Medicals appeared strong at first and looked like sure winners, but the Engineers fought a good uphill fight and looked good for a tie at least when the lights were turned off with ten minutes yet to be played. It is likely that the remaining time will be played at a later date, but this should prove a warning to all teams to begin their games on time.

Medicals—Wheeler; Good, Coppenger; Ritchie; Herbert, McCharles, Alexander.

Engineers—Evans; Johannson, Buchanan; Gunn; McLean, Johnston, Hooper.

Intercollegiate athletic circles were given a severe jolting up at the Wesley-'Varsity game when three City league players—Harold Winkler of the Winniepegs, "Joe" Simpson and Smith of the Victorias—turned out wearing the Red and Blue. Such an addition to the Wesleyans strengthened their team enormously, and 'Varsity could only get one past the former 'Toba-St. John's-Selkirk goaler, while Simpson and Smith were scoring five for their newly-adopted college home.

On the grounds that the newly-acquired students had not registered until the day previous to the game and that since registration had attended few, if any lectures, the Wesley authorities decided to give the game to 'Varsity or replay it, as the latter should say. 'Varsity have decided to replay the game, but a date has not yet been fixed.

Such wholesale "ringing-in" of players is a disgrace to intercollegiate hockey, and we are pleased to see that the Wesley College Council, at least, are not in favor of these methods of building up a winning team.

Wesley—Winkler; Simpson, Smith; McLean; Cross, Jobin, Scott.

'Varsity—Jackson; Eggertson, Oliver; Cassin, Abbott, Nason, Childerhose.

*St. John's 14, Wesley 0*

St. John's broke all previous scoring records in this game against the regular Wesley team, and it seemed to the spectators that further scoring was stopped owing mainly to the monotony of the procedure. The game was very uninteresting, as the Wesley defence proved practically useless against the fast St. John's team. The winners' line-up:

McMillan; Dutton, Mitchell; J. Anderson; Willis, Roland, M. Anderson.

#### BASKETBALL

*Agriculture 25, Law 15.*

*'Varsity 31, Engineers 15.*

*Medicals 39, 'Varsity 25.*

The most important of these contests in the race for first place was the Medical-'Varsity game, which resulted in the first defeat for 'Varsity. Medicals now have the best chance for the championship, as they have not yet lost a game.

The line-ups:

Medicals—Henry, Warner, guards; McGuinness, centre; Venables, Boyle, forwards.

'Varsity—Fleming, Yeomans, guards; R. Rice, centre; A. Oliver, Mathews, forwards.

#### CURLING

	P.	W.	L.
Medicals.....	4	3	1
Law.....	4	3	1
'Varsity.....	4	2	2
Agriculture.....	4	0	4

The Law rinks, winners of last year's inter-collegiate series, seem to have now hit their stride, but their position as leaders of the series is being disputed by the Medical boys, who are tied with the Lawyers. These two clubs are scheduled to meet soon, and this should prove a great game as it will probably decide the series. 'Varsity started out in championship style but have been humbled in their last two games. The Agricultural rinks, who got away to a poor start, are rapidly improving and playing a very close series of games with the Law broom-handlers, who succeeded in edging out with only a 2-point margin to proclaim them winners.

The results of the games have been:

*Law 51, 'Varsity 21 (three games).*

*Meds. defeated Agriculture.*

*Law 34, Agriculture 32 (three games).*

*Medicals 38, 'Varsity 24 (three games).*

#### MEDICAL NOTES

This year's annual Political Bonspiel proved a great success, and when the "votes" were counted and the three "polls" heard from, the Liberals were found to be elected as the best curlers of the College. The series was played as a three-rinks-a-side competition, the Liberal skips being Heaslip, White and McKenzie; while Pedlow, Stewart and Good did their best for the Conservatives. The final score was: Liberals 41, Conservatives 18.

One competition has already been run off, and Skip Pedlow has proved himself a master-hand at the "curlin'" game by winning the first prize. The other competitions are now well under way, but will not be finished until after the bonspiel.

#### THE RHODES SCHOLAR—MORLEY S. LOUGHEED, '12

The choice of Morley Semmens Lougheed, a Wesley graduate of '12, as Rhodes scholar for 1915, has been heartily endorsed by all connected with the University. Especially to the many who, from intimate acquaintance with Morley during his past seven years here as a student, have best appreciated his excellent all-round ability, does the decision of the committee come as a pleasure and satisfaction.

From Glenboro, the town of his early education, Morley came to Wesley in 1908 to complete his Matriculation course. Each year was marked by scholarships won and efficient work in the various branches of College activity. His final year examinations were particularly successful. He won the University silver medal in his course, the Gov-



MORLEY S. LOUGHEED

ernor-General's bronze medal in Science, and was the only one of the nine Science students graduating in 1912 whose average standing for Third and Fourth years was 1A. During his course he devoted considerable time to the work of the Scientific Society of the University, and as a member of the executive in his Fourth year delivered an address on a difficult branch of astronomical research.

From teaching country schools in the summer Morley advanced to tutor in Mathematics in his Fourth year under Professor MacLean, and after graduation, received the appointment as tutor in Mathematics and Science at Wesley College. In this work he was a pronounced success, but left it to enter Medical in the fall of 1913.

Since entering that college Morley has been prominent in scholarship and in student affairs, and by his thorough capability has won the confidence of his fellow students. The best wishes of all the University students will accompany him to the Old Land, where we are sure he will reflect highest credit upon his *Alma Mater*.

S. GARDNER.



## TOLD ON SALISBURY PLAIN

By George White

In the little hut there was an unusual quiet. "A" company was not known in the camp as a silent one, and these six men were the *esprit de corps* of "A." Of the six, some were writing letters; others, stretched out on their blankets, were smoking calmly and thoughtfully. The battalion had orders to leave for the front in the morning and this final step brought a suggestion not to be easily dismissed, of the uncertainty of their return.

Will Darnell, called "Willy Darling" by the others in their gayer moods, seemed more preoccupied than any of the six. His fair, wavy hair, which he had refused to have clipped short like the others, his brown eyes and finely modelled features, accounted for his nickname. He was looking fixedly at a little locket which he held before him, in the dim light of a single candle.

This would not have been tolerated on any other occasion by the boisterous "six," but on this night many lockets and keepsakes were in evidence throughout the camp. Even grizzled veterans have been known to treasure such trinkets.

The candle burned lower. The letters were written. Most of the men had finished their last pipes and were preparing for what sleep they could get before the early call. Yet Darnell remained almost motionless, fingering the little locket abstractedly.

Darrow, a big, quiet fellow, about whom nothing certain was known, yet to whom the whole company turned, as good Catholics to a father confessor, put his hand on Darnell's shoulder and looked into his eyes in that inexplicable way which always invites confidence. The other understood the unspoken question and, opening the locket, passed it over. There was revealed a tiny lock of golden hair and the wholesome, smiling face of a girl. On closer inspection the mouth and chin appeared rather firm, and in the clear gray eyes there was a hint of experience and of perhaps disappointment.

"Tell me about it," said the big man, passing back the locket.

"Well," began Darnell, "I must first tell you that I am a very peaceful person. From my birth, yes, and before that, I was taught the Christian ideal of passive resistance. Since coming to years of accountability this ideal for the individual and the race has formed the basis for my pet philosophy, and Tolstoi has been my favorite philosopher. This, naturally enough, has led me into dreams of co-operative production and distribution, and into a peculiar aversion for all forms of competition. Some people thought me a plain quitter. You see, I am not very belligerent." This last was spoken with one of those bright smiles which made Darnell popular.

"I first met her at a symphony orchestra concert. She was with a tall, gray-haired man of military bearing and quiet manner—her father. I am passionately fond of music, and had heard that evening, for the first time, Grieg's *Elegy for Strings*. The haunting pathos and grief of this music was still on me when I was presented to

Major Everett and his daughter. I ventured to remark on the beauty of this number and she turned my remark off with a laughing: 'Are you one of those sentimentalists too, Mr. Darnell? I much preferred the second number.' This was part of a symphony by Tschaikowsky depicting a wild ride of Malmuks over the steppes of southern Russia. I at once plunged into a heated discussion of the two numbers, and was interrupted by an invitation to renew the argument in their home.

"In this way I began to call on Gertrude Everett. She was of medium height, not very slim yet rather athletic in build, and had an abundance of bright golden hair—you have seen the picture. She was very active, fond of tennis and canoeing, and could ride and shoot well. But perhaps this does not interest you," he faltered.

"Go on," said the other.

The candle sputtered out, and the deep, quiet breathing of the four sleepers was the only sound in the hut.

"I do not know how I came to love her," continued Darnell. "Perhaps it was because her temperament was so totally different to mine. Her father had seen service in India—against the hill tribesmen there—and the library was decorated with all sorts of native weapons. She usually wore a simple dress of some black stuff, and, what with the gold of her hair and the ivory of her fair skin, made a rather striking picture against the background of the curiously decorated library.

"Many an argument we had in that room—for we all preferred it to the drawing room—the usually taciturn Major joining in rather heatedly at times. I always argued against militarism, my whole being wrought up with excitement. He would invariably answer very calmly and so much to the point that I had a wholesome respect for his opinions and the body of men he represented.

"I remember well a passage of that kind on last Christmas day. I had brought some cameo jewellery, for Gertrude preferred that to any other kind, and she had given me a very large, heavy sword, a curio she much prized. As I had never possessed a deadlier weapon than an air gun, I remarked the oddness of my present.

"Only a real man knew how to use that weapon," said the Major quietly.

"Oh," I rejoined, 'how about the men who have given up their lives in the interests of science—little, round-shouldered, be-spectacled, bald men, who have toiled and died almost unknown, in the laboratories of the world?'

"Then he had discoursed for a whole hour about India—Britain's conquest of the native population, and her firm but generous rule. He wound up in a glowing peroration and exclaimed most fervently, like one repeating a creed: 'God Save the King!'

"And 'God bless our native land!' said I with equal fervor; 'there is more real patriotism in the American anthem than the British.'"

"But I do not know why I should be telling you these things."

"Go on, son," said Darrow.

"Well, I continued calling at the Everett home, and my views did not seem to affect the Major's apparent liking for me. Gertrude said very little during the arguments, but I knew her love of action and keen delight in competition. I had never spoken to her of my love, but she must have understood. I was content to let things remain as they were.

"In the following summer we paddled and sailed and had many an adventuresome experience together. My love deepened, and with this deepening came a strengthening of my desire for her. I thought that I detected a growing regard for me in her manner, and so, one evening early in August, under the kindly stimulation of a sail in the moonlight and to the murmured applause of the gentle wind among the pines, I confessed my desire and waited in an exquisite agony for her answer. In it I found those characteristics of clear-headedness and sound judgment which I had always admired in her. I was to wait for one week. Although I deprecated the delay, there was some consolation in the thought that it really heightened the value of the gift.

During that week came the startling announcement of the German occupation of Belgium and England's subsequent declaration of war. To me it was a very great surprise. I could scarcely credit my senses! The bottom had dropped out of my pet philosophy! Why, even the Social Democrats had taken up arms! It was days before a full realization of the truth came to me. Even then I had no desire to take part. It seemed to me a war of aggression on the part of all concerned. The chauvinism of the mobs surrounding the newspaper offices disgusted me. The clarion call of patriotism which seemed to stir the hearts of more reasoning people found no echo in mine. I did not care to be a minor pawn in the hands of an ambitious British officer, nor was I anxious to offer myself as a target for conscript musketry.

"These ideas gradually changed. I read the historical background of the war—the memorable addresses of Premier Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, and many editorials from leading British and American journals. Fired by the magnificent rallying of the whole British people, the glorious deeds of those heroic Belgians, and the example of respected acquaintances and dearer friends, I enlisted.

"That very evening I announced this to Major Everett and his daughter. There was an unaccustomed respect in the kindly old soldier's reception of me, and a new light in Gertrude's eyes. Yet, as the days of training and evenings of animated conversation progressed, I sensed deeper than the approval and enthusiasm in the manner of my fiancée, a hint of that bravely suppressed sorrow so characteristic of soldiers' wives and mothers.

"In a few short weeks we parted. I shall never forget those brief moments of mixed emotions when I held Gertrude in that last embrace, while the old Major, fingering his moustache, followed with his thoughtful grey eyes the entraining of the regiment."

"I know, son," said Darrow softly.

The men rose, and going to the door of the hut, opened it. A sentry pacing slowly to and fro gazed at them curiously. The long rows of huts lay sleeping under the soft radiance of the moon,

and, just discernible in the distance, silvered by its beams, appeared the towers of the famous old cathedral.

The two soldiers gazed on the scene in silence.

Darnell was the first to speak. "And we leave for Flanders in the morning."

The other nodded and replied: "For Flanders in the morning."

Then they closed the door and retired to their bunks. God alone knows what each was thinking.

In the Everett library, hung with curious native weapons, Gertrude sat by a table, with a strange, faraway look in her eyes. She had been reading and the book lay open before her. Suddenly she laid her arms on the table and, dropping her face upon them, began to weep bitterly. The softened light from a reading lamp glinting on her hair made it appear like threads of burnished gold. Here her father found her. He stopped, surprised, and, coming nearer, laid his hand tenderly on her head. Looking over it, his eye was caught by the open pages of the book.

"Poor child!" he said, gently.

The book was *Vanity Fair*, and the words which he read there were these: "The darkness came down over the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

### LES TROIS MARINGOUINS

Je ne sais si c'est comme ça partout, mais dans la forêt immense à l'ombre de laquelle gazouille la rivière Blanche, le temps des maringouins succède à celui des mouches et des taons. Encore mieux, si vous voulez savoir, le temps des maringouins est aussi celui où les bluets bleuissent timidement leurs grappes entre les vieilles roches qui gisent éparses dans les "brûlés."

Cet été je m'y suis rendu pour en cueillir de ces fameux bluets, et, disons-le tout bas, j'avais emporté une carabine en cas de rencontrer du gros gibier. Oui, je partais avec l'espérance de trouver des graines et de rencontrer de la chasse, mais malheureusement je n'ai fait connaissance qu'avec des petites bêtes qui infestent ces parages. Ces petits gibiers sont volants, ont une petite lancette piquante qui brûle le nez des "campervos" à la belle étoile.

J'ai ainsi passé une nuit dans une clairière, les pieds dans la rosée, le visage au serein, le frais baiser de la nuit et le nez aux maringouins. Dur martyre, hélas! Je commençais à sommeiller. Tout à coup, du bruit! L'haleine essoufflée de quelques bêtes fauves! vite ma carabine! Tranquillisez-vous, lecteurs! c'était, c'était un maringouin! Oui, un maringouin qui venait me rendre visite, et m'annonçait sa venue en faisant sonner son clairon nasillard. "Au revoir," lui dis-je, en lui donnant une bonne tape dès qu'il se fût posé sur le revers de mon oreille et je l'envoyai *ad patres* s'il en eût jamais.

Je n'avais pas fini de retirer ma main meurtrière quand son frère arriva avec un son courroucé dans la voix et du venin brûlant au bout de sa lancette.

Traîtrement je le tuai, de peur qu'il m'allât reprocher le meurtre que j'avais infligé à son frère, et me traduire devant les tribunaux des maringouins. Mais ces derniers ont un bon système



d'espionnage et bientôt je vis arriver un détectif qui employa la ruse pour m'aborder. Je m'enveloppai la tête dans mon paletot, mais il trouva accès, je ne sais comment, et découvrit bientôt l'instrument de mon crime. Il me piqua la main pour attester sa clairvoyance. L'ai-je tué. Je ne le sais pas; ce que je sais, c'est que j'étais encore à me donner des tapes au visage et à me gratter les mains lorsque le soleil se leva pour éclairer l'impuissance de la "grosse bête humaine" devant les petites choses.

Réflexion: Comme à la Rivière Blanche un maringouin à tuer succède à un maringouin déjà tué, ainsi au Collège une leçon à apprendre succède à une leçon supposée apprise. Est-ce qu'on apprend tout? On l'ignore car ça vient de tout côté. La première chose que l'on apprend, c'est que les examens se lèvent comme un soleil pour mettre au jour notre ignorance.

M. E. VONCA.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING

#### *Wesley vs. Manitoba College*

Wesley debaters were successful in upholding the Munroe Doctrine against the Manitoba College orators on Friday, January 29, at Wesley College. The debate was an interesting one and general satisfaction was felt when the decision was given to the affirmative. The winning team was composed of W. A. Carrothers and Peter Webster.

#### *Agricultural vs. Wesley*

On Friday evening, Feb. 5, the Agricultural College students came in from their rural abode by special cars to convince the Wesleyans of the superiority of Co-operative Banks. The debate was exceptionally close, and the speakers showed a thorough acquaintance with the subject under discussion. The decision went to Agriculture, however, with a very narrow margin. Messrs. McIntyre and Hicks debated for M.A.C., while G. H. Dyson and T. H. Nuttall upheld the Wesley colors.

#### *St. John's vs. 'Varsity*

On Friday evening last 'Varsity met St. John's in debate at Manitoba College.

That great subject, the Menace of the Foreign Element, was well threshed out by both sides. St. John's maintained that danger surrounded us, and with increasing years it was gathering strength. With more than equal power 'Varsity argued that, while the problem did exist, and that while it assumed great proportions, it was becoming more and more evident that by an educational and sociological work we were combating it, with every sign and assurance of success. As a rule, debaters produce quite a considerable showing of printed evidence to drive home their points. But 'Varsity, original in all things, in their leader, Miss Romononski, gave the audience a most striking negation to the question. We offer her our heartiest congratulations for her scholarly and eloquent presentation of her subject. Credit is due both sides for the true debating spirit and earnest endeavor displayed by each.

The final debate of the Intercollegiate series will be held on March 5. 'Varsity, the winner of "A" series, will compete with Agricultural, the winner of B series.

Extract from minutes of Debating Union: "That the winner of series "B" shall submit the subject

for the final debate by Tuesday, Feb. 9, the Colleges concerned in the final debate to select the place of debate."

The International debate will be held on Feb. 26. Further announcement will be made at an early date.

### UNIVERSITY THEATRE NIGHT

A new and daring adventure was undertaken by the University Dramatic Society on Jan. 28, when it provided a most enjoyable evening for a full house at the Walker Theatre. The students of the University and of Agricultural College, who occupied the pit and the two balconies, kept things lively between acts with College yells and various songs composed for the occasion.

For the First Annual University Theatre Night the Society made a wise choice of play in Bjornson's "The Bankrupt." The author is justly famous for his literary ability, and the play has been very successful in Europe. It makes its appeal through the universal interest of its theme, its interesting plot, and the strength of its dramatic situations.

"The Bankrupt" contains an unusually large number of good roles, thus giving abundant opportunities for individual distinction. Even the minor parts have distinctive characteristics, and for these parts, as for the major roles, the cast was admirably chosen. The students were carefully coached by Dr. Crawford, president of the University Dramatic Society, Mrs. C. P. Walker and Mr. F. Keall, and the whole performance was characterized by smoothness and finish. The ensemble in the banquet scene was strikingly good.

The leading role was taken by G. Herbert Jackson, who gave an impressive impersonation of the merchant, Tjaelde. He has great natural ability. In the exacting part of Mrs. Tjaelde, Miss M. Jones-Smith acted convincingly and with every appearance of assurance. Miss Evelyn A. Riley's acting revealed a clear conception of the character of Valborg, which she impersonated with a spontaneity that found much favor with the audience. The part of the engaging and high-spirited Signe was appropriately filled by Miss Goldie Finesilver, who displayed many of the qualities of the finished actress. Miss J. M. McKeag acted acceptably in the part of the maid, and shared in the numerous floral tributes that rewarded the efforts of all the ladies.

R. Bruce Hall was deservedly popular in the role of the pompous and vivacious Lieutenant Hamar. Lamont Paterson enacted the part of the quiet Lawyer Berent with persuasive skill. J. August Strindlund took the part of Jakobson as if it had been expressly written for him. As Sannaes, Jack Gibben made one of the hits of the evening, his portrayal bringing out clearly the strange mixture of bashfulness, firmness and deep devotion. W. V. Tobias made an excellent butler. As the unctuous Vicar, Frank Jamieson was a complete success.

One of the features of the evening was the delightful playing of the University orchestra, under the capable direction of Prof. R. H. Rowland. The orchestra has grown considerably in numbers and proficiency, and is a credit to the University.

Unlimited praise is due stage-director, Sam Helman; the stage manager, Melville Sayer, and business manager, Allan Bronfman, for the great success of the venture.



# Around the Campus

## COMING EVENTS

- Friday, Feb. 12—3.30 p.m., regular Y.W. meeting in Y.W.C.A. drawing-room.  
—8.00 p.m., 'Varsity Second Year "Lit."' at the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium.  
—8.30 p.m., 'Varsity debates against Brandon, at Brandon.
- Monday, Feb. 15—7.00 p.m., Students' Volunteer meeting at Y.M.C.A.
- Thursday, Feb. 18—4.00 p.m., V.W.A. meeting in charge of First Year girls in Wesley Library.
- Friday, Feb. 19—8.00 p.m., Brandon debates against 'Varsity at Manitoba Convocation Hall.
- Friday, Feb. 26—8.00 p.m., International Debate.



### 'VARSITY NOTES

#### Varsity Parliament

The House held its regular monthly sitting in Manitoba College last Friday afternoon, and for two hours various and vital questions were discussed in such a lively manner that the members are eagerly looking forward to the next meeting. Indeed, how can one fail to look forward to these meetings when, for instance, he has once seen Mr. Paterson or Mr. Sayer expose to the light the weak points in the Government's Policy or followed the Minister of Socials and Entertainments through his—very often—humorous ratiocinations.

The house approved of a design for a college pin which consists of V. and C. so intertwined that the various classes can have their year numbers inserted. The pin will be of gold only.

A very heterogeneous array of arguments was forthcoming in the discussion of a college banquet. Everything from the "Belgians" to that highly philosophic problem "Do we live to eat or do we eat to live," was involved to add its quota on one side or the other. It was definitely decided, however, to go ahead with arrangements for a dinner that will do credit to Varsity College.

#### S.S.S.

The S.S.S. boys held a most delightfully informal dance in Osborne Hall, Jan. 27. Had they not chosen the coldest day of the year, this "write-up" would have dealt with a snow-shoe tramp. As it was, however, an inside evening was spent, in a very enjoyable manner. The first event of the evening was a special performance by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, whose artistic acting was very much appreciated by the scientific connoisseurs. A program of songs, speeches (funny), dancing and e—ts made up an evening which will long be remembered.

By the way, the S.S.S. are offering a substantial prize to any one who can tell what S.S.S. stands for. N.B.—This offer is open to everyone whether connected with this paper or not.

#### Varsity Debating Notes

On Friday evening, Feb. 12, Miss McMurray and R. K. Finlayson journey to Brandon to debate the question of the wisdom of government assistance being given to Canadian railroads. Our team will oppose any further assistance being granted and we hope they may convince

conclusively our friends of the Wheat City.

We are looking forward to a very live and interesting debate in Manitoba Convocation Hall, on Friday, Feb. 19, when J. Gibben and S. Schultz will represent us against Brandon on the question: "Resolved, that Government Ownership of Public Utilities and Natural Monopolies would be in the Best Interests of Canada." We have every confidence in our team proving that such a resolution would not be in the best interests of Canada.

Our Interclass series has now drawn to a close and finds the Sophomores in the enviable position of championship. They have gone through the series without suffering a defeat and have shown that, while they are capable of assuming the behavior of a Roman mob of Caesar's time in all its ferocity and tumult, they also possess the convincing rhetoric and eloquent persuasion of a Demosthenes or a Cicero. Congratulations, Sophs!

The Debating executive elections take place on the last Thursday of this month, when the following officers will be appointed: Hon. President, President, Vice-President and Secretary.

WM. MCPHERSON.

In the club room 11 a.m.:

Jamieson—Come on here August we gotta beat it to the lecture.

Newman—That guy'd be late for his own funeral.

Campbell—In that case, he would be the late Mr. August.

At drill:

Instructor—I'm not cold, I'm as warm as anything.

Campbell—Huh! Look what you had before you came out.

Crawford Rose  
Sat on a tack.  
Goodness knows,  
Crawford rose.

A certain professor, on Thursday last, gave to his kindergarten class "C" an address on "Plain Talk to Plain People" (modelled on pink pills for pale people), which was highly appreciated by the little tots.

He emphasized the fact that mothers should see that their children leave home in good time so that they will be on hand when the bell rings. He gave a few simple illustrations from his own

college days in the East. Mothers are also requested to see that their children review their notes at home, as this is the main point for examinations.

After a short reading by Master W. G. Gunn, of Virgil's Aeneid, which showed his familiarity with the greatest writers, i.e. (Kelly), and an impromptu talk by Master Peter Wald, a very pleasant entertainment was brought to a close.

Much credit is due to this professor for his great interest in the little ones.

Dr. Fred Clark (second year Latin prose)—Mr. Skaletar, is this verb transitive or intransitive?

Skaletar—Transitive.

Dr. C.—No, it is intransitive.

Skaletar (aside)—Just my d—n luck.

### ST. JOHN'S NOTES

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held on Jan. 22nd. The programme took the form of an address by the warden, who chose as his subject, "Ruskin and His Social Theories." The address was heard with great interest by a large number of students who much appreciated the clearness with which the warden dealt with his subject.

A good crowd turned out to enjoy the fun to be had at the School Carnival. The rink was effectively decorated with bunting and Chinese lanterns. The large number of costumes made the work of the judges in deciding the prize winners unusually difficult. The proceeds of the carnival will go to the Belgian Relief Fund.

On the afternoon of the 30th, a number of First Year students travelled to Balmoral to take part in a hockey game with the local team. An exciting game took place and finally resulted in a win for the First Year, by an 8-to-5 score. A return game on the College rink is being arranged at an early date.

We recently had the pleasure of an address by The Right Rev. E. F. Robins, Bishop of Athabasca. His lordship did not speak on any set subject, but spent most of the time in showing how many small details, often unnoticed by him, influence the work of the minister, and which, when left undone, seriously affect the success of his ministry.

### MEDICAL LOCAL NOTES

It pays to cut out something else rather than miss attending the Students' Association meetings.

Chim says he left three collars (all wrapped up) on the dresser. Never



mind, Chim, see the laundry bill you saved.

Jake Freisen broke from the ranks at drill last week when he heard Moose snap his fingers and call for "a little action."

Everybody wanted at the Senior basketball game Saturday.

The Senior year are well aware they have T. B. in their midst.

Doctor—Can you give me some examples of incompatibilities?

Pat—A high car step and a hobble skirt.

Bud—Kilts for a painter.

Mix—Lectures at 9 a.m.

Moose—Bones and books.

Whistling W. — Exams — (chorus of voices) "Here, here."

The Liberal party triumphed gloriously at the annual political curling match, with a majority at every poll.

They say they cannot call off a lecture in the fourth year because so many of them are "God's chosen people."

Chesty made the break at the '17 dance. Some others should follow.

Your contributions to the "Notes" are conspicuous by their absence. "Do it now."

Rusty says he's going to roll Jaun-dice.

The Medical '17 class held their second dance of the season in Osborne Hall, Friday, Jan. 29th. The hall was tastefully decorated and everyone remarked on the tasteful and original way in which the programme of dances was arranged, with quotations from class characters. Many of the ladies wanted the original or a copy. Opportunity was taken to congratulate Morley Loughheed of '17 on his appointment as Rhodes' Scholar. Our soldier representatives who go shortly to the war, were also present. The music was excellent and all present declared that the high standard of the '17 dances was well maintained.

#### MANITOBA NOTES

The "Hammurabi" choir meets on Tuesday at 4 o'clock, Thursday at 3 o'clock and Friday at 11 o'clock. The choir intends to stage a Greek opera from Moulton's Grammar later in the term. Members report progress is good.

Lagrippe is going the rounds of 'Toba Hall. Geo. Gough and Syd. Studd have been obliged to keep to their rooms.

The M.C.T.C. extends hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Roddan. We like to see Andrew smile these days.

Jim Fleming has taken up residence in 'Toba. We hope he will conform to the rules of residence laid down by the Council.

#### Simpson in Elocution Class

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells.

What a tale of terror, now their turbulence tells,

In the startled ear of night,  
How they scream out their affright!

Friends of Orest Zerebko, '13, are curious to know what has become of him. Orest left Winnipeg in the fall of 1913 for Lemberg, Austria, where he intended to pursue his studies at the university in that city.

But Orest is as alive as anyone can be

A letter was received from him lately. While wandering in the Carpathian Mountains, he was robbed of his money and belongings by some soldiers and had to borrow an overcoat from a friend to make his way to Lemberg. Orest is now in Lemberg and is trying to get into communication with the British consul in Kiev. No doubt he would like to get back to Canada again.

Toba theologs debated with Wesley the other Friday evening, on the Munroe Doctrine. Wesley contended that it would be well to retain it as part of the U. S. future policy. We did not try to cajol them into any different way of thinking, and the judges, reading our minds, gave their verdict in favour of our neighbor-opponents.

#### ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE

Did "The Bankrupt" bankrupt anybody?

We are glad to hear that Leo Collins, who has been laid up with an ulcerated knee, is much better now,

Sunday last some twenty-five new members were received into the English Sodality. We appreciate the increase of our numbers.

The prodigal son, in the person of Wilfred Dechene, has returned to the College. We wish him success.

Monsieur L'Abbe treats us to revised prayers when sodium hydroxide and calcium chloride refuse to give a precipitate, and then when he does succeed and shows the class the result, he wonders why all laugh!

Some time ago the militia department relieved St. Boniface College of some one hundred rifles, also ammunition, bayonets,



sabres, etc., which had been loaned the College for use by our cadet corps. These rifles, etc., were taken for the local contingent. This is how our cartoonist saw it.

Lali (two miles from St. Norbert)—"Gee! I'm hungry!"

Anatole—"Oui, je suis bien hungry too!"

Doc—"Huh! I'm hungry enough to eat my snowshoes!"

George—"Wish we had a loaf of bread."

Nazere—"Well, here goes to eat snow."

Nap (that evening)—"Say, Wizzie, they cleaned out the pantry! Ate everything in the house!"

Ildor—"Carlo est mort!"

Five Others (in one voice)—"That so? Just wait a while and we'll show you how dead he is!"

#### WESLEY BRIEFS

Wesley's debaters acquitted themselves with great credit on Jan. 29th, when they upheld the Munroe Doctrine to the satisfaction of the judges and to the discomfiture of the representatives of Manitoba College.

The debate against Agricultural 5th, on the subject of co-operative banks

for agriculture was much more closely contested, and resulted in a victory for the M.A.C. As usual, the songs of the rival colleges provided innocent amusement and helped at least to provide variety in the proceedings. There should be abundant material for the forth-coming song-book.

Rev. R. B. McElhearn, of St. Matthew's Anglican church, was the speaker at the Probationers' meeting on Jan. 29th. The boys were particularly pleased to hear this broad-minded member of another communion, and his address was both helpful and stimulating.

A large audience greeted our old friend, Professor Osborne, when, on Feb. 5th, he spoke on present tendencies in the church. Prof. Osborne strongly condemned the modern practice of degrading the high office of the preacher by the tawdry discussion of cheap and sensational subjects, and closed with an appeal for the high and grave consideration of the lofty spiritual themes which it is the proper function of the pulpit to expound.

The approaching College dinner is naturally engrossing most of the attention of the students just now. The committee in charge of the arrangements has the hearty support of the representative council, and is doing its work in a manner highly satisfactory to everybody concerned. The event is to take place on Feb. 12th, at the Royal Alexander Hotel. A splendid musical programme has been arranged, and Bert Howard says that the Menu Card will be a stunner. The tickets are being sold rapidly, and many of Wesley's grads have signified their intention of being present.

There has been a good deal of excitement in the Theological department lately over a new regulation under which marks were to be deducted from each unexplained absence from lectures. In each case of unavoidable absence a written explanation was to be sent direct to the Faculty. The students concerned held an indignation meeting in the Convocation Hall, on Wednesday evening. A resolution defining the students' attitude was passed and two delegates appointed to present the views of the meeting to the Faculty. The result was an arrangement with the Faculty whereby the explanations may be given to the professor instead of being sent in writing to the Faculty. This is regarded as a satisfactory solution all round.

#### ENGINEERING NOTES

Last night the Engineers held their second dance in the Fort Garry. It was a success, as usual. In fact, they are so popular that the new drill hall is better suited to accommodate the crowd.

The next thing on the programme is the Engineering dinner. The social committee is already busy on it.

That's the worst of a man like W. J., you can't keep him out of mischief.

#### Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The students at the Settlement House have made arrangements with the city school authorities to open Argyle school for their use in teaching English to the Russians who live in the district near the C.P.R. station. Three classes, which have a total enrollment of seventy men, are held in this school building two nights each week.

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## AUDITORIUM RINK

### PROGRAM

**SENIOR HOCKEY.**—Intercollegiate games to be played.

Feb. 10—Medicals vs. 'Varsity  
" 13—St. Johns vs. Medicals  
" 17—Engineers vs. Wesley  
" 20—Law vs. Wesley  
" 24—St. Johns vs. Wesley

#### POSTPONED GAMES

Date to be fixed

Wesley vs. 'Varsity  
Law vs. 'Varsity  
Law vs. Engineers

Three leading teams play off at end of season.

#### STANDING OF SENIOR TEAMS IN INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

	P	W	L	Pts.
St. Johns.....	3	3	0	3
Medical.....	3	2	1	2
'Varsity.....	1	1	0	1
Law.....	2	1	1	1
Engineers.....	2	0	2	0
Wesley.....	2	0	2	0

**FINAL GAMES** { Feb. 15—Falcons vs. Portage  
" 18—Monarchs vs. Victorias

**SKATING.**—Public Skating every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

'Varsity College Literary and Social Club skate at the Auditorium every Saturday evening.  
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